

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,  
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

*Duk.* Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good  
He is as worthy for an Empreſſe loue,  
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:  
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me  
With Commendation from great Potentates,  
And heere he means to spend his time a while,  
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

*Val.* Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.  
*Duk.* Welcome him then according to his worth:

*Silvia*, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,  
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,  
I will send him hither to you presently.

*Val.* This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship  
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse  
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.

*Sil.* Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them  
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

*Val.* Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.

*Sil.* Nay then he should be blind, and being blind  
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

*Val.* Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.

*Thur.* They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,  
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

*Sil.* Haue done, haue done: here comes y<sup>e</sup> gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you  
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,  
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.

*Val.* Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him  
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

*Sil.* Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant  
To haue a looke of such a worthy Mistresse.

*Val.* Leau off discourse of dilabilitie:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

*Pro.* My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

*Pro.* Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* That you are worthlesse. (you.)

*Thur.* Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with

*Sil.* I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,

Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;

Ile leau you to confer of home affaires,

When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

*Pro.* Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

*Val.* Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.

*Val.* And how doe yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?

*Pro.* My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,

I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

*Val.* I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,

I haue done penance for contemning Loue,

Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitentiall groines,

With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,

For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,

Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralld eyes,

And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.

O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:

Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:

Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,

Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

*Val.* Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

*Pro.* No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

*Val.* Call her diuine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,

Yet let her be a principallitie,

Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my Mistresse.

*Val.* Sweet: except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

*Pro.* Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her to:

Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,

To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth

Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,

And of so great a fauor growing proud,

Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swellling flowre,

And make rough winter euerlastingly.

*Pro.* Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

*Val.* Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,

To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;

Shee is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,

And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell

As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,

The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,

Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,

Because thou see'st me doate vpon my loue:

My foolish Riual that her Father likes

(Onely for his possessions are so huge)

Is gone with her along, and I must after,

For Loue (thou know'st it is full of ieaousie.)

*Pro.* But shee loues you? (howe,

*Val.* I, and we are betroath'd: nay more, our marriage

With all the cunning manner of our flight

Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,

The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means

Plotted, and greed on for my happinesse.

Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,

In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

*Pro.* Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:

I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque

Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,

And then Ile presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste? Exit.

*Pro.* I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,

Or as one naile, by strength drives out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue

Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,

It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression?

That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?

Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,  
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire  
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)

Me thinke my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,

And that I loue him not as I was wont:

O, but I loue his Lady too, too much;

And that's the reason I loue him so little.

How shall I doate on her with more aduice,

That thus without aduice begin to loue her?

'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld;

And that hath dazeld my reasons light:

But when I looke on her perfections,

There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.

If I can checke my erring loue, I will;

If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

## Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

*Speed.* *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.

*Laun.* Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am

not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer

vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place,

till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-

come.

*Speed.* Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house

with you presently; where, for one shot of fiue pence,

thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But sirra, how

did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

*Laun.* Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted

very fairly in iest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Laun.* No.

*Speed.* How then? shall he marry her?

*Laun.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Laun.* No; they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?

*Laun.* Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it

stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

*Laun.* What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My staffe vnderstands me?

*Speed.* What thou saist?

*Laun.* I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,

and my staffe vnderstands me.

*Speed.* It stands vnder thee indeed.

*Laun.* Why, stand vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Laun.* Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say

no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it

will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.

*Laun.* Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but

by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist

thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

*Laun.* I neuer knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Then how?

*Laun.* A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to

bee.

*Spec.* Why, thou v

*Laun.* Why Foole

Master.

*Spec.* I tell thee, m

*Laun.* Why, I tell

himselfe in Loue. If

house: if not, thou ar

the name of a Christia

*Spec.* Why?

*Laun.* Because thou

to goe to the Ale with

*Spec.* At thy seruic

*Pro.* To leau my

To loue faire *Silvia*; s

To wrong my friend,

And ev'n that Pow'r v

Prouokes me to this t

Loue bad mee sweare,

O sweet-suggesting L

Teach me (thy tempore

At first I did adore a t

But now I worship a c

Vn-heedfull vowes ma

And he wants wit, tha

To learne his wit, t'ex

Fie, fie, vneuerend ton

Whose souerignty so

With twenty thousand

I cannot leau to loue;

But there I leau to loue

*Julia* I loose, and *Valen*

If I keepe them, I need

If I loose them, thus fin

For *Valentine*, my selfe

I to my selfe am deer

For Loue is still most p

And *Silvia* (witnesse he

Shewes *Julia* but a swa

I will forget that *Julia*

Remembering that my

And *Valentine* Ile hold

Ayming at *Silvia* as a s

I cannot now proue co

Without some teacher

This night he meaneth

To climbe celestiall *Sil*

My selfe in counsaile hi

Now presently Ile giue

Of their disguising and

Who (all inrag'd) will

For *Thurio* he intends s

But *Valentine* being gon

By some sly trick, blin

Loue lend me wings, to

As thou hast lent me wi